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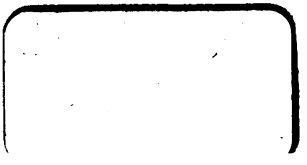
Canadian Scenes

and

Other Poems

Rev. W. H. Porter, M.A.

1. Poetry, Canadian



NCM
Porter

Canadian Scenes

AND

Other Poems

BY

Rev. W. H. Porter, M.A.

Author of

"Converse with the King," Etc.

TORONTO

WILLIAM BRIGGS

1907

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TO THOSE WHOSE KINDNESS AND

WHOSE INSPIRATION

HAVE MADE THIS LITTLE VOLUME POSSIBLE

IT IS

GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED.

Collector's Book Exchange, Inc. 1962

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Canadian Scenes from Eastern Coast to Western Isle.

MAY 15

Prelude.

Canada, beautiful, boundless and blest
As fondest fancy e'er pictured in dreams;
Noblest of lakes, vales and high mountain crest,
Arable lands on magnificent streams,
Deep forests, prairies and mineral strand,—
All that can make thee earth's favorite land.

Canada, steady and strong be thy stand;—
All the world knows that thine hour's at hand;—
Ne'er flinch nor falter, but fight thy great fight
Against wrong and falseness for truth and right.
Doing so, know that thou surely shalt stand
As high as did ever earth's greatest land.

Canadian Scenes from Eastern Coast to Western Isle.

Land of the brave and free,
Girt by the changeful sea,
Land of all lands to me:
Land of my birth and pride,
Land where my fathers died,
Land of all lands beside:
I sing of thee.

Nova Scotia, how her beauties
brighten song and story;
Often, too, the canvas flushes
with her gleams of glory.
Vales and hills and capes and harbors,
twined in ocean's arms,
All about her devious borders,
multiply her charms.

Strange the brilliance, soft the shadows
of her evening hours,
Challenging the art of painter
or the poet's powers.
O the splendor of her woodlands
lit with autumn's glow;
Then her rare and radiant beauty
one must see to know.
Incomplete are all descriptions
her Spring charms to tell,
Apple bloom and sweet arbutus
grace her scenes so well.

Halifax o'erlooks her harbor,
on which fleets may rest
As secure in storms as infant
on its mother's breast.
Loud at sea may roar the tempests,
fierce the war-dogs wake,
In her citadel is safety,
though her rock-beds shake.
From her station shrill the whistle
of the "Westward Bound!"
"All aboard!" and Bedford Basin
feels the thrill around;
Xtian age, did ever trav'lers
so elude the ground?

Now from the city with its gardens fair,
Soon at the one that stands without compare

Quebec, on her commanding height,
'mid fortress walls and towers,
Upholds with loyalty and might
old England's flag and ours,
E'en where it cheered Wolfe's dying hour
to triumph over France's power.
Between the city's youth and age,
her old world scenes and new,
Even the continent contains
not so unique a view;
Crowning her plateau, relics stand
of deeds for ever grand.

Along the broad St. Lawrence now we glide,
The bound of two great countries and their pride;
For commerce priceless, and for prospects grand,
Glad'ning the fertile fields on either hand.

FROM EASTERN COAST TO WESTERN ISLE.

Montreal, sublimely crested
by her river side,
Overlooks her spreading landscapes
with becoming pride.
North and south and east and westward
spreads her growing trade,
Trains and ships conveying through her
products grown and made.
Rising o'er her broad, rich valley,
all along the sky,
Evening tinged, the mountain ranges
draw the admiring eye;
All along the deep St. Lawrence,
and beside her piers,
Leaving, coming, countless carriers
bear her hopes and fears.

Scarce could one picture fairer scene in dreams
Than where the great St. Lawrence River streams
Among her **Thousand Isles,** that calmly rest
Like em'ralds jeweling a monarch's breast.

Here, smooth as burnished silver, waters lie
In many a glassy nook the islands by,
Giving, as in clear mirrors, pictures rare
As ever artist formed, however fair.

Here islands dot the stream from shore to shore
With scenic beauty changing evermore;
Now they seem lying as in liquid calm,
While summer lingers o'er them breathing balm;

Now a soft breeze wakes ripples on the tide,
Which flash and gleam like gems on every side;
Anon the winds grow furious in their wrath
And scatter frothy billows in their path.

Here charming villas peer from islands green,
With rocky bases rimmed in silvery sheen;
And here palatial summer dwellings stand,
O'erlooking prospects beautiful and grand.

From morn to ev'ning through the summer long
Steamers glide swiftly by with teeming throng,
And lighter craft, flitting the river o'er,
Enhance the charm of islands, stream and shore.

But oh! when autumn's pencils touch the scene,
Mingling their brilliant colors with the green,
A glory glows on every wooded isle,
Diffusing over all one radiant smile.

An airy cottage on a sloping height,
O'erlooking isles that gem the Lake of Bays,
Seems formed to gather round it memories bright
Of richly restful and refreshing days.

Here, freed from the routine of toil and care,
And loosed from social servitude's control,
One skims the lake, or strolls thro' forests where
Life feels the fresh'ning touch of nature's soul.

Here one inhales the healthful, highland air,
Scented with cedar and with pine-wood balm;
While laughing waters gleam round islands fair,
Or mirror sky and shore on silvery calm.

Here nature's unspoiled charms appear to view
In dense woods mantling isles with sloping shore;
While sky and woods and waters change their hue
Of varying lights and shades for evermore.

Here, with the cheerful hum of work or play,
  Blends the soft sound of wavelets on the shore
And here the boatman hurries down the bay
  As the storm gathers and the thunders roar.

Here, too, while anglers capture with their wiles
  The speckled beauties from the lakes and streams,
The huntsman through the woodland sees and smiles,
  And longs for autumn to fulfil his dreams.

Here friends and kindred nearer touch obtain
  Than daily duties favored heretofore,
Mingling with pleasures that too brief remain
  Those which may live in memory evermore.

Muskoka may not boast the rural charms
Of flowery gardens or of fruitful farms;
Nor yet the rich results of wealth and skill
Which, with unnumbered beauties, cities fill:
But if true charms may be in changeful moods
Of sky and air, of waters and of woods;
And if real beauty to the eye may be
In linnea, bracken, and in shrub and tree;
Or if in souls there be an answering thrill
When woods and waters winds with music fill;
Or if the sense of loveliness awake
When wooded isles and heav'ns smile from the lake:—
Then may Muskoka her true beauties claim,
Which are perennial, though not twice the same.

There's beauty in her lakes, like inland seas
Bestrewn with rocky islands clothed with trees;
And in her sunsets, with their radiant skies
And colorings which human art defies.
Then, as the night comes on and stars appear,
How beautiful her heavens, so high and clear.

How charming, too, her summer homes in groves,
On breezy points and isles and sheltered coves,
While swift craft skim her lakes from shore to shore
Impelled by steam or paddle, sail or oar.
But all her other charms fail to compare
With the rich glow induced by her pure air—
The glow of eye and cheek which springs from health,
Beside which pale all charms of power or wealth.

Toronto sits a "Queen" enthroned
beside her unbrined sea,
O'erlooked by spires that stand to guard
the dwellings of the free.
Rich are her signs—in structures, streets,
and parks with tree and flower—
Of taste and skill and enterprise,
and growing wealth and power.
Nor do the studious fail to find
resources suited to the mind:
To her famed founts of learning come
the aspiring with their dreams;
Outward the tide of knowledge flows
in ever-widening streams.

From the fair city's commerce, culture, spires,
Where strong endeavor crowns her fond desires
More prosp'rous still and beautiful to be,
We hasten on by land or inland sea;

Now smoothly over lakes that calmly rest,
Or over waves that roll with foamy crest,
Through fertile farms of deep alluvial soil,
That well repay the tiller for his toil;

Or through wide woodlands and round rocky shores
That yet may yield to skillful toil their stores,
We reach our western city, young but strong,
And briefly linger with her stirring throng.

FROM EASTERN COAST TO WESTERN ISLE.

Winnipeg stands at the gateway
of our wondrous west,
In through which the tide of toilers
pours for homes in quest.
Nursed beside her bending river
on her loamy lands,
Nourished by unbounded prairies,
broadly she expands.
In her favored situation
and her enterprise,
Promise of her vast extension
and her greatness lies.
Even now her splendid structures
and her business hum
Glimpses give of what she must be
in the days to come.

Manitoba lies sky-circled
like the spreading main,
And now smooth, now rolling, sea-like,
gleams with golden grain.
Now the march of trade and travel
signals loud and clear
In the trail where once the Indian
chased the bounding deer.
Thronging thither, hardy toilers
from beyond the sea,
On her broad and fertile prairies
plant their homesteads free.
Big and buoyant Prairie Province,
on her fruitful soil,
All around her are uprising
homes of hopeful toil.

Cities, too, are rising o'er her,
Beautiful to view,
On the erstwhile boundless playgrounds
Of the caribou.

Stretching still to north and westward,
Far beyond one's gaze,
Wheat fields spread and countless cattle
On their pastures graze.

Onward o'er these rolling prairies
Still we swiftly glide,
Gaining nearer, clearer vision
Of the mountain side.

On yet speed we toward the Foothills,
Where the mountains rise
Till their snowy summits mingle
With the cloudy skies.

Now the day is slowly waning,
And far objects fade,
As our engine, slowly tugging,
Climbs the mountain grade.

Soon the vast, outspreading prairies
Slowly disappear,
As amid surrounding mountains
Towering peaks appear.

Now the Three Sisters don their cloudy crowns
As the sun settles in the purpling west;
Then a tall mountain darkly, grimly frowns
On a cold cascade issuing from its breast.

FROM EASTERN COAST TO WESTERN ISLE.

Near nestles Banff 'mid scenes of splendor strange,
Grandly secluded with her streams and trees,
While farther on, behind a mountain range,
Lies nature's matchless mirror, Lake Louise.

Banff, hemmed in heights of majesty
as e'er were seen in dreams;
Among her mountains wonder wakes
and joy among her streams.
None fails to feel the quick'ning thrill
her glorious scenes inspire,
From morning's glow on mountain peaks
to sunset's snowy fire.
Famed far beyond her country's bound,
a grander scene can scarce be found.

Not far beyond a lonely deer is seen
Scanning the train as it goes rushing by,
Its head uplifted from the herbage green,
And wonder mildly beaming in its eye.

Low down amid these wilds appear some graves,
That seem to utter words for ever true:
"The life that's yielded is the life that saves;
The death that wrought in us brought life to you.

Anon a hoary castle shows a battered door,
And turrets worn and scarred by tempests loud;
Then an old temple, firm for evermore,
Lifts its tall summit wreathed with incense cloud

Cathedral Mount, thou vast, majestic pile;
Awed by thy grandeur, I admire the while
The Hand that raised thy massive structure so,
Height above height from thy broad base below;—
E'en as I gaze thou seemest still to grow.
Did thy great Builder, with a power Divine,
Rear thee for His own pre-historic shrine?
And did He through the ages until now
Leave thee thus great that haughty man might bow?

Monarch sublime, though brief my gaze on thee,
Over my spirit long thy spell shall be.
Undying chimes from thee shall swell with power,
Nor cease vibrating till life's latest hour
To His high praise for whom these temples tower.

Now crystal waters, green from glacial caves,
  Along their pebbly bottoms swiftly go,
Then turbid torrents, tossing frothy waves,
  Rushing through jagged boulders, madly flow.

Down 'mid these scenes sublime an Indian stands,
  Hungry, and for his meal in weary quest,
With but his fishing tackle in his hands,
  And yet in grandeur far o'er all the rest.

Yon mount that lifts its head above the cloud,
  As if it were a native of the skies,
Can never claim such reason to be proud
  As he whose nature doth still higher rise.

Mt. Mardonald, 'mong the mountains,
tow'ring as their king;
Tall enough to try the eagle's
strong and sinewy wing;

Marv'lous mountain, nerved the scaler
of thy dizzy height,
As he scans the clouds beneath him,
in his upward flight:
Chamois on thee might well falter,
trembling with affright.
Bid the gods uprear thy summit
for their temple spire?
Or as altar thus uplift it
for their evening fire?
Not oft such a lofty summit
'mid earth's peaks one sees,
Among Alps or Himalayas,
or the Pyrenees.
Low the towers upreared by mortal
as compared with thee,
Bestined though thou art for ever
far 'neath him to be.

On through deep gorges washed with torrent's spray,
Through tunnelled cliffs along the mountain side,
Round massive heights that seem to bar our way,
By winding canyons still we onward glide.

Forward the scenes yet wilder, grander grow,
Awakening awe and wonder more and more;
The mountains vaster rise, and faster flow
The waters hurrying to the western shore.

Here the mind seems bewildered with the glory
Of mountain heights and streams that foam and rage;
While the soul feels the thrill of nature's story,
More wondrous far than man's most marvellous page.

British Columbia, let me tell of thee,
Revel'ling in mountains towering o'er the sea;
In thy wild woodlands and thy gorges grand
Torrents bear down their wealth of golden sand;
In thy dark mines gleam glints of power and pleasure
Swarming thy waters life teems without measure;
Hid in thy hills lies hoarded untold treasure.

Columbia, not alone thy teeming fish,
Or forests vast, or minerals thee enrich:
Laved by thy rivers spread deep beds of soil,
Unfolding treasures to the touch of toil
More freely than thy mines, or woods, or waves,
Born of thy flood-formed fertile forest graves.
In thee are wide diversities of clime
And scenes supremely lovely and sublime.

Now the swift train descends the mountain grade,
With sound that silences the river's roar;
Anon the mountains lower, their splendors fade,
While vegetation grows in grandeur more.

O splendrous ferns, and towering Douglas firs,
And alders large, and cedars vast and high,
How your first vision still my spirit stirs,
And will remain in memory till I die.

And now again we sit within the home
Embowered with vines and radiant rambling roses,
And over other years in memory roam,
While nature all around her charms discloses.

Here, near the broad, deep Fraser homeward bound,
Fanned by soft airs from snow-capped mountains blowing,
'Mid flowers and fruits in rich luxuriance found,
Who would not smiling come, and sigh on going?

FROM EASTERN COAST TO WESTERN ISLE.

Vancouver, central port of our highway
Across the world to Nippon and Cathay;
Nurtured from soil and sea and mines and wood,
Centre of forces strong for ill or good;
Occident and Orient are here to-day.
Under the waves and over land and sea
Virtue or vice will spread swift-winged from thee;
E'er let thy helpfulness of head and hands
Restrain the ills of near and far-off lands.

Bald, barren, bleak, thy towering heights of snow;
Calm, sheltered, warm, thy bays and homes below.

How sped we with such ease as if borne on the breeze?

Canadian Pacific Railway! "cloud by day
And fire by night" once led a nation's way.
Now the same lead a nation's march again
Across wide regions, rivers, boundless plain,
Deep canyons, rushing torrents, mountain chain,
Into one bringing all from main to main.
Achievement great, an enterprise so grand,
Nobler has scarce been known in any land.

Praise to the men who dared to undertake
A work so vast, a way so hard to make;
Crossing such barriers as might well appal;
Inwinding among tortuous mountains tall;
From eastern coast to the Pacific strand,
Including all in one great, growing land,
Combined and bound by this steel, double band.

Riches in forest, river, rock and land,
Accounted worthless as the desert sand,
Instinct with life by this arterial vein,
Leap into use and yield unbounded gain.
Widely Canadian commerce thus expands,
And greater good and larger wealth commands,
Yearly increasing trade with far-off lands.

And now the Georgian Gulf we hasten o'er
And gladly reach our Western Island shore.

Victoria! guardian of our western coast,
In scenic loveliness Columbia's boast;
City of urban homes on rural seats,
Tranquil in coves near where the sea surf beats.
O'er her encircling waters all around
Rise the long mountain ranges snow-encrowned.
In her Dame Nature her rare taste discloses,
Adorning hills and homes with trees and roses.

Between her mild air and her ocean breezes
Calmly her winter glides and scarcely freezes.

Esquimalt! in thy rocky lair,
Sound though he sleep, what power shall dare
Question the Lion's presence there?
Rising from his fortress caves,
If he but thunder o'er the waves,
'Mid shot and shell and cannon's roar,
Awe wakes the world on sea and shore.
Long may the lordly Lion rest,
Tried guardian of our East and West.

Beneath his banner broad unfurled,
Canadians with him front the world.

Miscellaneous Poems.

Miscellaneous Poems.

On the Shore.

I saw in thoughtful silence stand
  A brown-eyed boy of four,
Upon the smooth and wave-washed sand
  Of an Atlantic shore.

Beside him lay a little mound,
  Dug from a mimic well,
Some work his busy hands had found,
  Though why he scarce could tell.

So rapt in silent thought he seemed,
  His wooden spade in hand,
I wondered much of what he dreamed
  On ocean or on land.

So long and steadily he gazed
  Upon that sighing sea,
I marvelled if he stood amazed
  At what one's life might be.

But whatsoe'er his lot may be,
  'Mid sunshine or in storm,
Full oft in memory I'll see
  That little manly form.

Thanks for a Gift-Book.

An early poem to my brother, the late Rev. T. H. Porter, jr., on receiving a little volume of poems from him by mail, addressed by an unknown hand.

THIS cherished gift of thine, brother,
I'll not esteem the less,
Though thou by proxy didst beguile
Me with a false address.

But ever with my treasured gems
This little book will be;
A reminder of delightful days
That we no more shall see.

And as I turn its pages o'er
To pluck bright flowers that bloom,
And gather pearls that flash along
Each stanza through the tome,

I'll think of him who gave it,
And memory oft will turn
To the sparkling wine of childhood,
Poured from life's brimming urn;

When—nature vocal with sweet song
Symphonious from the shade,
Or groaning with autumnal dirge
Wailing through leafless glade;

Fanned by the summer's fragrant breath,
Or swept by wintry gale;
Clothed with its verdant livery,
Or wrapt in icy mail;—

THANKS FOR A GIFT-BOOK.

We held life's golden goblet,
  And sipped from its bubbling brim,
Until we quaffed the nectar low,
  Leaving a naked rim.

Watching with growing interest,
  As year on year expired,
The beauties of those rural scenes
  In our loved vale retired.

Now blushing Flora with soft tread
  Among her vernal flowers,
Tinting the smiling rose-buds,
  Scenting the sober flowers.

Now blushing Ceres moving
  In the fields, with yellow hair
Dishevelled all about her
  By the breezy autumn air.

Then, as the rich fruits ripened
  And grew mellow on the tree,
We plucked the plumpy apples
  And feasted merrily.

Or followed now the wand'ring brook,
  That through the meadows strayed,
Angling the quick, dappled trout,
  As in the stream it played.

Now wandered 'neath the wide spread
  Of the glen's green, leafy shade,
Listing the woodland warblers pour
  Rich notes through woods and glade,

And the soft murm'rings of the rills
  That, slowly wandering, strayed,
Or, racing down hill sides,
  Over the pebbles played.

And, as though earth failed in beauties
  To satisfy our eyes,
We turned them to admire
  The glories of the skies.

Scanned the great canopy of day
  And loftier arch of night;
Viewed the sun's kingly splendor,
  And the moon's queenlier light.

Watched the great crimson king descend
  Adown the flaming west,
All wrapped about with fire-fringed clouds,
  Laying himself to rest;

Gazed at the star-bespangled vault,
  As slowly trailed fair night,
Trying to count her jewels
  By the moon's silv'ry light.

Yea, memories of boyhood days
  Now crowd upon me fast,
In reading this bright gift-book,
  Sweet memories of the past.

But they are gone, those early days,
  On Time's swift wing they flew,
Yet round my heart they seem to cling,
  Like morning's sparkling dew.

Then accept my thanks, dear brother,
Imperfectly expressed,
For the sweet little souvenir,
Delusively addressed.

Would that I could only utter
Feelings struggling to be free,
Pent within my bosom swelling,
Swelling like a rock-bound sea.

A Vision.

I SAW a mother gently fold
An infant to her breast,
Whose father in the coffin cold
Was laid away to rest.

She kissed her baby's pallid cheek
And strove to lull its pain;
Silent she watched its breathings weak,
"Will it not breathe again?"

But angels soothed the infant's pain
And tended life's dim fire,
Till mirrored from her babe again
The mother saw its sire.

Days, weeks and months and years rolled round,
The babe became a boy,
With laugh and shout and merry bound,
The mother's only joy.

A VISION.

The years still pressed more swiftly by,
  The boy became a man;
The fire that lighted up his eye
  Through all his features ran.

And kindled up a manly face
  That spoke a soul within,
Possessed of every noble grace
  That could affection win.

Time fled, one came with clearer eye
  And purer soul, than stream
That glides its pebbly bottom by
  With glassy glint and gleam.

The coils of love began to twine
  With firmness round his heart;—
I saw him at the altar smile
  Upon his better part.

Honored and loved and sought by all,
  As if by magic spell,
Hate, passion, pride, as though in thrall,
  Before his presence fell.

The centre of each social ring,
  The wooed in every seat,
It seemed as though all grades would bring
  Their homage to his feet.

But, winningly, with witching glance,
  With fictious garb and name,
The demon of intemperance
  Among his courtiers came.

A VISION.

He listened to the enchantment—blind,
  He yielded to the charm;
From dreams of bliss he woke to find
  The fetters on his arm.

He strove to burst asunder then
  The irons on him bound,
But writhing in delirious pain
  He sank upon the ground.

His widowed mother o'er him bent
  And wept her garnered tears,
His broken-hearted wife gave vent
  To her long-gath'ring fears.

His little ragged children near,
  With brimming heart and eye,
And quiv'ring lip and smothered fear,
  Beheld their father die.

The drunkard slumbers in his bed,
  But scarce his shrieks had died,
Than on my spirit from the dead
  They echoed back more wild;

And louder, wilder rose the cries
  That on my spirit fell:
"This is the worm that never dies,
  This is the fire of hell."

A Trip to Blomidon by Students of Acadia College, Wolfville, N.S., April, 1859.

WHAT means the bustle of this sunless hour?
  Why rise so soon the students from their beds?
Fear they the early bell's disturbing power?
  Or will no longer sleep embalm their heads?

Why reigns not silence in Acadia's halls?
  Doth she her matin spell no more retain?
Why answer echoes from these College walls,
  While yet the woodland warblers mute remain?

While Sol, still laving in the ocean spray,
  Has not yet giv'n his steeds the slackened rein,
Should *other* students woo the tardy day,
  While slumbers yet the monitor enchain?

What studies now demand such rigorous toil?
  Does Tacitus involve his thoughts the more?
Or do Mechanics weaker labors foil,
  Filching from sleep with problematic lore?

Or rather, doth Geology demand
  Labor severe to know our native dust,
And by the science grand to understand
  The strange formation of earth's rocky crust?

For thus our Tutor deemed 'twould answer well
  To make the Science please and profit more,
If eye and hand should have a searching spell
  Around old Blomidon's famed mineral shore.
And this explains the early rising bell.

A TRIP TO BLOMIDON.

So clad in robes of buffalo and seal
And rubber coat and cumbrous Highland shawl,
Having devoured in haste our early meal,
We started forth right bravely one and all.

We sailed through snowstorm, reached the bluff at noon,
Reared our frail camp and round our camp-fire dined;
Then searched for min'rals till the rising moon
And settling night bade us our camp to find.

Weary we reached it, eagerly we fed
Upon the homely dainties of our store;
Then sweetly slept upon our spruce-bough bed,
Lulled by the sea-waves rippling on the shore.

The moon had faded from our ev'ning sky
As the last watcher, nodding out his turn,
Startled at hearing voices drawing nigh,
Rises and gives the fire more fuel to burn.

The yellow streak, bright harbinger of day,
Began to paint on Maiden Morn her blush;
Up, and through breakfast, then away, away,
Around old Blomidon's bold cliff we rush,

In quest of min'rals for Acadia's store;
While now and then from the o'er-tow'ring steep
Came thundering down upon the rocky shore
Great giant boulders, with wild, frantic leap,
And clash and crash and cavern-echoing roar.

A TRIP TO BLOMIDON.

From dawn till sunset with exciting toil
We searched the bluff base for its glitt'ring stone,
Till, worn with animation and with moil,
We gathered round our boat to speed for home.

But Eolus, with ever fickle whim,
Revoked the mandate for a favoring breeze,
And with impetuous waves the ocean grim
Laid both our boat and prospects on their leas.

The waves, obedient to the gale's behest,
Lashed high the beetling crags along the shore;
While, with our boat to their rude mercy left,
To seeming doom boomed off our min'ral store.

Groping along the rocks, 'twixt surf and shore,
Gazing with longing o'er the heaving tide,
Jaded, at length, we reached our camp once more,
Resolved the issues calmly to abide.

Another night long gleamed our wigwam fire,
Another night the waves lulled our repose,
Another morn of Him who soothed God's ire
Against a rebel world, a Sabbath rose.

The weary night in Wolfville slowly wore,
With many a troubled thought and wakeful eye;
The flaming bonfires smouldered on the shore,
And wond'ring, eager words began to fly:—
"Is theirs the fate of others heretofore?"

A TRIP TO BLOMIDON.

With glass the President went up to peer,
  The students from the belfry gazed with dread;
Around the church the villagers, with murmured fear,
  Recalled another boat's crew, long since dead.

Meanwhile, beneath old Blomidon's unchiselled fane,
  With waves for preacher and with winds for lay,
Around our camp-fire thinking to remain,
  We purposed there to spend that Sabbath day.

But some one, noticing the smoke aspire,
  A thing unseen on Sabbath there before,
Thought that perhaps around that very fire
  Some shipwrecked ones might be on that stern shore.

So, strolling thus in meditative mood,
  A farmer came upon our morning meal;
Gazed at us all awhile and, wond'ring, stood,
  Doubting what was our lot, in woe or weal.

But, seated on the boughs, he heard it given,
  The story of our past adventurous day;
And how he thus had found us not storm-driven,
  Although storm-baffled on our homeward way.

Leaving us soon, ere long again he came,
  With oxen yoked before a cumbrous wain;
But means of transit were to us the same,
  Or lumbering cart, or lightly moving train;
Our strait forbade our vanity or shame.

A TRIP TO BLOMIDON.

Welcomed the strangers to the farmer's cot,
And swiftly passed the Sabbath eve away;
Night fled, but the surf trampled not,
Save to our dreams, which camped amid the spray.

Breakfast and bustling preparation through,
A double team with luggage led the van;
And though with little show to outward view,
Yet, spite of the exterior, "man's a man";

And man-like did we trudge the wearying mire
The long backward toward our dear old home,
Till to our vision rose the village spire,
And from its circling copes the College dome.

Forward we urged, enlivened by a view
So beacon-like upon our toilsome way,
Athwart the tidal stream that wandered through
The broad, rich valley that between us lay.

Hark! 'tis the bell's clear peals that greet mine ear,
Floating like music from the College dome:
Hail, Mother! brothers, your wild shouts I hear
Of joyous welcome to the wanderers home.
Thus may it be when we have ceased to roam.

A Wayside Flower.

I LEARNED a lesson from a flower
  That bloomed in beauty by the way,
How to gain loveliness and power,
  That helped me much for many a day.

I asked the flower to tell me whence
  It had such charms away off there,
Beyond the gard'ner's hand or fence,
  Or cultivating toil or care.

Blushing, it said, as near my feet,
  Its face became aglow with bliss,—
And as it spake the air grew sweet,—
  "The secret of my life is this.

I do not care or labor give
  To be what I am not, or where,
But try my own best life to live
  From what surrounds me, here or there.

Receiving nurture from the earth,
  I sip the dew, inhale the air;
Showers and sunshine from my birth
  Have helped to make me sweet and fair."

"O flower," I said, "thou teachest me
  Lessons I should have learned before;
To grace my lot, whate'er it be,
  Not craving others, less or more.

"To gather honey, like the bee,
  From wild or even poisonous flowers;
And, like the builder, beauty see
  In shapeless stones for splendid towers."

Mother's Baby.

Two bright eyes of a little face,
Sweet as a rose and of rarer grace,
Open and close 'neath a mother's look,
As the lids of an unwritten book.

Two bright eyes of a baby's face,
On which two lives have left their trace,
Open and close with a smile or tear,
As they seem to wake to joy or fear.

Two bright eyes of a dimpled face
Whose every feature has found its place,
Open and close while a mother's ear
Listens the praise of its charms to hear.

Two bright eyes of the sweetest face
That ever a home could gladden or grace,
Open and close while lips repeat,
"Was ever a mother's babe so sweet?"

Two bright eyes of the loveliest face
That ever was seen in any place,
Open and close to the fond words near,
"Was ever a baby half so dear?"

Peace in South Africa.

RING softly, bells! Winter's stern reign is o'er,
Spring's ploughing ended, Summer is begun;
The warring woodland branches clash no more,
But varied forms and colors blend in one.

Ring softly, bells! Life blooms from death to-day;
Your notes remind sad hearts of lonely graves
On furrowed fields of battle far away,
Which mutely say: "'Tis sacrifice that saves."

Ring softly, bells! Good comes from toil and tears;
The heritage we claim of Freedom's dower
Is fruitage of the struggle of long years,
Born through the dying throes of cherished power.

Ring softly, bells! The lands long torn by war
Far richer fruits may yield than else would grow:
Not the most dire calamity by far,
Is bravely yielding to a worthy foe.

Ring softly, bells! On this sweet summer air,
Floating 'mid bloom where fruits will soon appear,
Ye tell the ceasing of War's bugle-blare,
And victories of Peace sublime and near.

Ring softly, bells! Your echoes far away,
From ivied turret and from temple tower,
Faintly foretell the coming of that day
When Right shall wield the wand of sov'reign power;

When Justice, with her even scales in hand,
Shall o'er the earth extend her righteous sway,
While Mercy's wings, outspread o'er every land,
Shall usher in the world's millennial day.

What is It?

WHAT is it that salutes my ear
With such pulse-quick'ning thrill,
Which if my heart but chance to hear,
I cannot keep it still?
Thy name, love.

What is it steals on my lone hours
With such looked-for surprise,
And with its captivating powers
Bids smothered thoughts arise?
Thy form, love.

What is it in the sea of sleep
That on its glassy tide,
Mirrored in beauty from its deep,
Floats ever at my side?
Thy face, love.

What is it that my being thrills
With such melodious power,
And all my soul with rapture fills
As fragrance fills a flower?
Thy voice, love.

What is it absence never drives
From out my thoughts and dreams;
The more to distance which it strives
The closer with me seems?
Thyself, love.

Why is It?

WRITTEN DURING THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

Why is it that, on sea or shore,
No warfare ever waged before
Had such an interest for me
As that now waged upon the sea?

Why is it that on ocean's breast,
When tossed by tempest or at rest,
No ships, however grand, that sail
Absorb my thoughts as does the "Yale"?

Why is it, in the busy light,
Or in the quiet hours of night,
I seem to see her pennons dance
Upon the ocean's broad expanse?

Is it that one life in that war
Is more to me than thousands are?
Is it that on that one ship sails
My hopes or fears in calm or gales?

Is it that on her bridge at night
There keepeth watch my own life's light,
While the great tempest-tumbled toy
Is guided by my sailor boy?

How strange that a thin thread of blood
Should bind so firm on land and flood,
And draw to us so near from far
Those that we love in peace or war.

But hark! ten thousand voices say,
"You speak just what we feel to-day;"
And nearer home from shore to shore
Echo a myriad voices more.

"When My Children were about Me."

"WHEN my children were about me,"
  Life was like a dawning day,
Woodlands ringing with glad music,
  Meadows sweet with new-mown hay.

"When my children were about me,"
  Dimpled hands and cheek and chin,
No such treasures e'er were gathered
  As my heart and home were in.

"When my children were about me"
  Sorrow seemed to stand afar,
For each child within the household
  Banished darkness like a star.

"When my children were about me"
  Hope sprang up among life's ills,
Like so many flowing fountains,
  Causing greenness 'mong the hills.

"When my children were about me,"
  Having not yet gone away,
Home was like a verdant meadow,
  Where the lambs can feed and play.

The Rain.

"THE day is done," and the mantle
  Of night is over all,
As beside the glowing embers
  I hear the raindrops fall.

The rain beats on the windows
  And it patters on the wall,
And my spirit saddens in me
  As I hear the raindrops fall.

My spirit saddens in me,
  For I think of seasons past,
When a happy child I wandered,—
  Why may not childhood last?

When a happy child I wandered
  'Mid sunny fields and flowers;
But the merriest of all my walks
  Was through the summer showers.

Now the rain beats on the windows
  And it patters on the wall;
But my spirit saddens in me
  As I hear the raindrops fall.

The Seasons.

Spring.

SPRING comes with mellow music
  Low murmuring from the hills,
And gushing down the valleys
  In myriad blended rills.

Her light steps touch the mountains
  And roam amid the vales;
Her breath unseals the fountains
  And soothes the boisterous gales.

Her glance beams through the curtains
  Of many a reptile's nest,
And lures to life the sleepers
  From their long, death-like rest.

Her soft hand weaves the net-work,
  With matchless taste and skill,
Which, for earth's emerald mantle,
  The summer weft shall fill.

Her fingers wander over
  The great harp's trembling strings,
Till nature, all in harmony,
  With rapturous sweetness sings.

Summer.

JUNE.

WELL may we crown the lovely month of June
"Queen of the year" among her odorous bowers,
Her sweet-voiced minstrelsies in perfect tune,
And fragrance breathing from her fields and flowers.

How smoothly nature's miracles go on
In this creative season of the year,
Changing the meanest things we look upon
To forms that far more beautiful appear.

The very offal of the barn and yard
Summer transmutes, by her mysterious power,
To perfumes sweet as richest rue or nard,
And fruits as rare as monarch's board could dower.

Even the insects, with their grovelling forms,
Rise on bright wings and float 'mid air and light;
And bulbs that look unsightly as the worms,
Spring up with graceful stems and blossoms bright.

And thus, with never-wearying care and skill,
The Summer runs her shuttles to and fro,
While night and day her matchless fabrics still
To patterns of surpassing beauty grow.

And so she teaches every open mind
How precious paltry things become with God;
And how from lowliest labors men may find
Richer results than spring from seed and sod.

Autumn.

OUR FOREST LEAVES.

THE autumn leaves are flushed with gold
And scarlet hues and crimson dyes,
And colors rich and manifold
As sea-shells boast or sunset skies.

There's glory now on every hill
And wooded dell and glen and vale;
And beauty margins lake and rill
With green and red and yellow pale.

Come with keen eye and dext'rous hand,
With poet's genius, painter's skill,
And fix these scenes that cannot stand
The coming gusts and rain and chill.

E'en now the wind's low moan and sigh
Seem sorrowings over dead ones near,
And lo! those gleams in nature's eye
Are portents of the dying year.

Away with eager steps I haste
From stir and strife to scenes of calm,
To view the landscapes fair and taste
The breeze that brings the woodland balm.

Here I may breathe a holier air
And feel life's pulses stronger rise,
And nerve renew to bide and bear
By noting how the foliage dies.

With such inspiring scenes in view,
Faith, hope and courage sturdier grow,
And learn to bide, or bear, or do,
From the wild woodland's dying glow.

Winter.

THE SNOW.

FULL fast fell the snowflakes, as sheets for a bed,
When daylight was faded and good-night was said;
But oh, what a changed scene appeared with the morn,
A beautiful world in the night had been born.

A garment immaculate, bright as the day,
Alike on the ugly and beautiful lay;
A raiment so spotlessly, charmingly pure,
That one could most wish it would ever endure.

So clean was its whiteness that e'en the least spot
Appeared on its surface to be a dark blot;
So perfect its purity that the least stain
Displeased the beholder to see it remain.

Beneath this soft coverlet tenderlings rest
As snugly as babes on their mother's warm breast;
And waiting, like saints, from their graves to arise,
When the life-giving sun reappears in the skies.

O raiment of whiteness, from darkness and storm,
'Mid coldness and death keeping things live and warm,
Thy substance, like linen, so pure and so bright,
Seems symbol of robes on the ransomed in light.

Storm.

Storm! Storm! Storm!
And the snowflakes fall amain,
And the wintry winds moan drearily;
How unlike last evening's rain.

Storm! Storm! Storm!
And the wild winds loudly roar,
And the long, dark waves of the ocean
Roll heavily on the shore.

Storm! Storm! Storm!
And the winds of memory roar;
But the joys of my joyous childhood
Roll into my heart no more.

Storm! Storm! Storm!
And the billows round me roll;
But beyond them a land appeareth,
The stormless home of my soul.

Wedding Bells.

Love's Conquest.

THE growing fruit clings to the tree,
  Whatever winds are blowing;
Nor yields to touch of you or me,
  Till ripening tints are glowing;
Then it no longer doth withstand,
But yieldeth to the gleaner's hand.

A maid there was who used to say
  She did so love her mother,
That she would never go away
  From her to any other:
And so to those who sought she'd sing,
"You need not come, for here I cling."

But by and by a suitor came,
  Who caused her note to falter;
For like a huntsman with his game,
  He threw for her a halter,
With which he to the Altar led
The lady love whom he would wed.

So now this lady leaves her home,
  With all its fond endearments,
O'er life's inviting realms to roam,
  To find its best achievements,
A helpful, hopeful, happy bride,
Her captive captor at her side.

Love's Pilot.

FOR A MARINER'S WEDDING.

WELL skilled, thy Pilot, mariner,
O'er seas so deep and wide,
To guide thy course thus wittingly,
To meet thy destined bride.

Strange mystery of Providence,
Defying time and tide,
That brings thee to love's coronal,
Thy chosen one beside.

Thus at this sacred altar,
Where all thy sires have come,
And but for love would falter
At unknown burdens dumb,

Faith makes her glad confession
And hope her joy-bell rings,
While love, with outstretched pinions,
Extends, like sails, her wings.

Then smoothly roll, ye waters,
And calmly blow, ye gales;
For in life's ship, henceforward,
His mate with Captain sails.

And may their whole round voyage
Clear rock and reef and shoal,
And be no mocking mirage,
But harbor blest their goal.

A Year Ago To-day.

FIRST WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Two happy-hearted lovers
  A year ago to-day
Joined hands to go together
  Along their chosen way.

Since then wild winds blow mildly
  As zephyrs, soft and low,
And flowers breathe their odors
  Where weeds were wont to grow.

Gay songsters warble sweetly
  Glad song and grateful psalm,
Where shadows change to sunshine
  On fragrant fields of balm.

E'en toils and cares lay lightly
  Their burdens on the breasts
Wherein love, joy and courage
  Abide as constant guests.

And so a year has vanished—
  The first of wedded life—
Love guarding well its treasures
  Against the approach of strife.

And now again the lilies
  Upon the window sill
Seem opening their blossoms
  To breathe their glad good-will.

And, like theirs, may love's perfume,
  On all the winds that blow,
Sweeten their whole life's journey,
  As onward they may go.

Crystal Wedding.

CLEAR as crystal, bright eyes beaming,
  Lived a little lassie, free
As a brook from hill-side streaming,
  Without e'en a thought of me.

Clear as crystal, frank and fearless,
  Grew this bonny girl for me;
With a life as glad and tearless
  As most any life could be.

Clear as crystal, love's light glances
  'Twixt this blooming maid and me
Music made for hope's glad dances
  Toward life's bright and beckoning sea.

Clear as crystal, winds and weather
  Seemed to call us from the lea,
Till we spread our sails together,
  My brave-hearted wife with me.

Clear as crystal, seas grow brighter
  Far from sandy shoal and shore;
Cares increase, but hearts grow lighter
  As love deepens more and more.

Clear as crystal, sparkling fountains
  Gush from many a wooded crest,
Making music 'mid the mountains
  Sweet as homes with children blest.

Silver Wedding.

Hark! the silver bells are ringing,
From the past sweet memories bringing
Of life's fairest hopes and pleasures,
And its fondest, truest treasures.

How blest two lives that heaven has deigned to wed,
And so made one;
Like streams that find their common river-bed,
And mingled run.

A loyal wife is royally enthroned—
Her sceptre love, her empire grandly zoned;
Her's a world-circling realm, her husband's heart.

Homes founded thus, on firm and lasting love,
Form the true pillars of all earthly realms,
And realms above.

Golden Wedding.

For fifty years of wedded life,
  Through still and stormy weather,
Amid its strain and stress and strife,
  Our hearts have held together.

Our Father's hand along the way,
  Through all these changeful years,
Has made new mercies day by day
  To dissipate our fears.

The sorest ills have often proved
  A blessing in disguise,
And anxious cares have been removed
  By some sweet, glad surprise.

The grace that won our youthful hearts
  Sustains our failing lives,
And as the joy of sense departs
  The peace of God survives.

And now as friends and kindred meet
  To cheer us on our way,
It seems like breath of meadow sweet
  At close of summer day.

Night's stars come gleaming when the sun
  Has sunk behind the west,
And so when our day is done
  We'll shine amid the blest.

And now, dear friends, a fond farewell,
  This golden wedding day,
And may our evening, morning bell
  Call clear, nor far away.

In Memoriam.

In Memoriam.

Sent For.

THE thunder had ceased and the lightning's wild play,
When, quickly as thought, ere the breaking of day,
From its frail little tenement flitted away
An infantile soul, and the waxen form lay
As beautiful after its whelming of pain
As a pure, white rosebud after a rain.

It had solaced many a lonely hour
Of a stricken life by its winsome power;
But too early bereft of a fond mother's love,
It had soon been sent for to join her above;
So, like a lost birdling restored to its nest,
It nestles again on its own mother's breast.

Our Baby.

TAKE a fond, farewell look
  At the sweet babe,
Ere we consign her form
  To the lone grave.

Take a long, loving look,
  Kiss the white brow,
But do not as she seems
  Think of her now.

Think of our darling one
  Free from its clay,
Dwelling in light and bliss
  Not far away.

Think of the little one
  In our new home,
Tenderly carèd for
  Till we shall come.

Think of her bright and free,
  Learning to know
Far more than we could teach
  Her here below.

Take a last lingering look,—
  Come, love, away,
Till, night and sorrow past,
  We meet in day.

Mother's Darling.

HE has gone to his rest, my darling one,
To the lonely, voiceless grave,
And I almost murmured at the One
Who took what in trust He gave;

For the flowers of hope in a mother's heart
Are rooted so deep and strong,
That their tendrils cling with affection's art,
Though the stems be severed long.

But I must not grieve,—love would not recall
From his fair and fadeless bloom,
My cherished one, though he were my all,
To this world of death and gloom.

But I'll press in memory's folding leaf
The bud of my opening flower,
As Eve would have pressed in her speechless grief
A petal from Eden's bower.

And I'll bless the Hand that lent him now,
For the idol of my love
Was wont to enshrine itself below,
But now it's enshrined above.

The Little Mound.

COME away this lovely morning
To the graveyard's little mound;
We may weep as once did Jesus
For the dear one 'neath the ground.

Not the tears of murmuring sorrow,
But of mingled grief and love;
Tears through which we look not downward,
But through which we glance above.

Tears that glisten with the sunlight
Of the day beyond the sky,
Where the ones we love and cherish
Live and love, but never die.

Come away this lovely morning
To the little new-made mound:
Where 'neath earth's cold shroud we laid her,
Tender verdure clothes the ground.

Forms from nature's grave respringing
Resurrection truths declare,
Telling that the one there buried
Shall in beauty reappear.

Though "in weakness," and to moulder
Into dust, in dust it lies,
Yet in glory and perfection
From the grave it shall arise.

Come away this lovely morning
To the little grassy mound,
Spring breathes resurrection lessons
Of the dear one 'neath the ground.

Gathered Lily.

"My beloved has gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the garden, and to gather lilies."

BEAUTIFUL flowers, in wreath and bouquet,
On casket containing one fairer than they:
A flower celestial that earthward did stray,
To gladden with beauty and fragrance its stay;
To bloom and then wither and vanish away
From earth's cold and darkness to heaven's bright day.

Beautiful flower, more precious than gold
Or jewels; of worth that can never be told:
A flower that drew its rich life from a heart
That aches as if breaking, in having to part
With its dearly-loved treasure. Ah, me! let me fold
Thee again to my bosom: O Death! thou art cold.

Beautiful flower, pale lily to-day;
It seemed like a lovely young rosebud in May.
Alas! that such treasures so transient should be,
That pleasures and hopes should so suddenly flee:
But thanks to the Giver who giveth in love,
And gathers our lilies for gardens above.

In His Garden.

MUCH did I marvel at that tender trace
Of mingled joy and sadness on His face,
As, in His garden and among its bowers,
The Owner lingered all the morning hours.

Slowly I heard His footsteps drawing near
In search of flowers, nor felt the faintest fear,
Until He paused at mine: then, lo! a thrill
Of dread foreboding held my pulses still.

Pressed with a weight of woe, I questioned: "Why
Should one who brings us only gladness die?
Why pluck the bud whose promise is so fair,
When full-blown flowers wait gathering every where?"

But though I asked, my heart no answer gave,
While all around was silent as the grave;
Till from the shadows where my loved one lay,
A sweet voice to my spirit seemed to say:

"Though pale and still my form upon this bed,
And cold as clay, think not of me as dead;
From sin and sorrow I'm for ever free,
To live in purest bliss eternally.

"Think not, 'What might have been had life remained;'
Through transient loss is endless treasure gained:
Life's goal is reached beyond life's grief and pains,
Where rapture blends with love's melodious strains.

"Then let not sorrow dim thy vision more;
But look beyond thy tears to that blest shore,
Where, in perfection, peace and joy and love,
I wait thy coming to our home above."

Called at Noon.

REV. A. J. GORDON, D.D.

THEY say that with life at its zenith,
And promise of good at its best,
Our Brother was called from his labors
To lay down his burdens and rest.

They say that his life work is over,
And grieve that so soon it should end,
When he had such a fulness of powers,
And the world needed all he could spend.

They say;—but how dim is their vision,
And blinded by sense is their eye,
To think that a life lived for Jesus
And linked with His life can e'er die.

Ah, no, through the portals celestial
A soul from its fetters of clay
Has leaped at the call of the Master
To see Him in unfading day.

To serve Him with powers unfailing,
And fleeter than wings on the air,
With spirits of sainted and holy,
And angels resplendently fair.

Then say not their labor is ended
Whose hands, feet and voices are still;
Forever the soul of the ages
Their words, works and influence thrill.

Still With Us.

JOHN HARRIS.

How swift and sweet return the vanished years,
As morn by morn that much-loved face I see,
Beheld full oft, I ween, through mists of tears,
Though calm as when it used to gladden me.

The kindling joy that oft his spirit stirred,
Lighting those eyes with beams of bliss divine;
The eager zest for God's own precious word,
That filled his lips with messages sublime;

The glowing zeal that spoke the love within,
Sprung from the Spirit flowing strong and calm,
Come o'er the years of toil and strife and sin,
Like fragrance borne from distant fields of balm.

His love for souls outweighed his love for gold,
Or love of fame, or e'en of friends or home;
'Twas love divine, making him mild, yet bold,
Tender and wise in bidding wanderers come.

His light that shone so brightly far and near,
Flaming with heavenly radiance at its close,
Will henceforth shine in glory like a star,
Reflecting His own light who died and rose.

With us life's changeful tides will rise and fall,
And flowers will bloom with finger-pricking thorns;
But what we long and hope for, love and all,
His beauteous life for evermore adorns.

Yet is this all we have of our dear friend?
We fondly ask; but faith, quick answering, says:
"Ah, no; his memory will blend
With our whole lives, moulding our thoughts and ways."

Ready.

THEODORE HARDING RAND, D.C.L., LL.D.

QUICK came the call, and quickly he replied:
"Ready, my Master," and instantly died.
Stilled was the heart of high and large desire,
At rest the soul of strong, poetic fire.

But not till mental forces of the land
Had felt the moulding of a master hand,
As minds through him obtained a fuller play
From learning's truer aims and loftier sway.

And so our schools and country feel to-day
The loss of rare resources passed away.
Even the waves on Parrsborough's lonely shore
Sigh for the bard who sings their praise no more.

The dust of Egypt lived at Moses' rod;
But his inbreathed the woods and waves with God:
Beneath its magic touch dumb Nature woke,
And flowers and sea-shells of their Maker spoke.

Full many a soul, by him more nobly keyed,
Will oft recall his help by word and deed;
Which, cherished in their memories, will live
And life a richer tone and coloring give.

And so, while men the great and good admire,
And to the noblest and the best aspire,
Though carven column never tell his fame,
In lives by him enriched will live his name.

Called Higher.

REV. THOMAS BONE, THE SAILOR'S FRIEND.

ANOTHER saint has passed from earth away,
To bask in the unclouded, fadeless day,
The light of which oft so lit up his eye,
That one its glory almost could descry.

In homely garb and bent with toil and age,
He did not seem a poet or a sage;
But when his thoughts came burning to men's hearts,
He stood the peer of those of kingliest parts.

Full many a saint with whom he'd prayed and wrought,
Or the rich joy of the Christ-life had taught,
Have doubtless welcomed him to that blest shore,
Where service never wears or wearies more.

Mayhap some sainted sailors, too, have run
To greet the friend who led them to the One
Whose love for them had loosened sin's hard chains,
And cleansed their souls from its defacing stains.

And so a joyous throng, I ween, would wait
To give him gladsome welcome at heaven's gate;
Having his Master's footsteps so well trod,
In leading home lost wanderers to God.

And thus heaven's light is brighter for earth's cloud
Of weary walks, with heavy burdens bowed,
And eager quest, and earnest pleas and prayer,
That souls unsaved redeeming love might share.

But now, life's labors ended, blissful rest
Must be his spirit's portion with the blest;
Awaiting in sure hope the Lord's "Well done,"
With the full joy that even now's begun.

"A Virtuous Woman."

Prov. xxxi. 10-31.

WHO can find a virtuous woman,
For her price exceeds rubies and gold?
The heart of her husband can trust her
With its treasures unsealed and untold.

She will do him good and not evil
All his happy and sorrowful days,
While her hand for the poor and needy
Smoothes and softens life's hard, rugged ways.

It was not for her station he sought her,
For he boasted no lordly estate;
But she wrought with a strong devotion
Till her husband was known in the gate.

It was not for her money he wooed her,
But she brought him more wealth than of gold;
She came like a merchant's ship laden
With its treasures of value untold.

"A VIRTUOUS WOMAN."

For she opened her mouth with wisdom,
In her tongue was the sweet law of love,
She looked to the ways of her household,
And she feared the Lord all things above.

It was not for her beauty he won her;
But her beauty increased with her years,
Till the day that they bore her from him,
When he scarce could discern for his tears;

But they said who saw in her casket,
From the white brow smoothed back her dark hair,
And lips as if kissed by a seraph,
That an angel could not be more fair.

It was not for mere beauty he won her,
For the vanishing gloss of a day;
But he found a virtuous woman,
With beauties that bloom 'mid decay.

Now her children rise up and bless her,
And her husband he giveth her praise,
Though only her memory lingers
Like the twilight of beautiful days.

But sitting 'mid sunshine or shadow,
There yet lives in fond memory's eye
That face with its brightness supernal,
And that love will not suffer to die.

Then give her the fruit of her doings,
Let her praises her virtues recall,
For many indeed have done worthily,
"But thou truly excellest them all."

"Victory."

T. S. SHENSTONE, ESQ., BRANTFORD, ONT.

How often memory recalls that form
  So long revered upon the city street;
And often, too, those generous greetings warm
  That for the while delayed his hurrying feet.

But not too long, for projects claimed his mind
  That needed men of brain to pave their way;
Though needy, sorrowing ones could always find
  In him a heart whereon their cares to lay.

And thus like Job, the Christly friend of old,
  He caused the widow's heart for joy to sing;
While wants and woes that to him were not told,
  He sought to know, and help and succor bring.

O love, that lives in deeds, not words of air,
  Thus following the way laid down of yore;
That endeth not in bloom, however fair,
  But yieldeth fruits of Christ's own life once more.

And so a void is where he used to come,
  In office, street, or place of trade or prayer;
But O! how much more empty seems the home,
  Where the lone widow sees the vacant chair.

Life's streams will still pursue their onward flow,
  And summer songs will follow winter psalm;
But not again will come to her life's glow
  Since that "good night," and then the deathly
    calm;—

So quick, and "he was not, for God took him."
But O the joyous welcome and "well done!"
His doubts were over, light was no more dim;
His battle fought, the "victory" was won.

NOTE.—The last word Mr. Shenstone ever underlined in reading was Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon's last word, "Victory."

Under the Snow.

UNDER the snow, with its frosty embrace,
In which life shows no token or trace,
Delicate rootlets of radiant flowers
Wait for the coming of sunnier hours.

Under the snow, with its glittering white,
Sparkling like gems in the clear, wintry night,
Folded in darkness and semblance of death,
Beautiful beings lie waiting spring's breath.

Under the snow, all crystalline, cold,
Wind-beaten, frost-smitten, fold upon fold,
Lie in their narrow cells mouldering to clay,
Forms which were lovely as flowers of May.

Under the snow they are sleeping to-day,
Those whom we laid with heart-breaking away,
Safely at rest from earth's rude winds that blow,
Waiting Christ's summons from under the snow.

The Widower's Home-Coming.

WHAT is it pains my throbbing heart,
And makes the blinding tear-drops start,
  At sight of thee, sweet home?
Why seem so dim my finest gold,
And brightest sunbeams dark and cold,
  As through its halls I roam?

Why seem my lovely rose-buds pale,
And dimpled arms like sleeves of mail,
  As eagerly they fold
A heart that sinks like heavy lead
In bosom yearning for its dead
  With loneliness untold?

O beaming eyes and lips so sweet
And radiant face that used to greet
  Me at the open door:
Those hands that grasped, the fond embrace,
The kiss that time cannot efface,
  I meet, alas, no more.

What! have I deafly heard them all?
Nor felt fond childhood's kisses fall,
  'Midst welcome's ringing cheer?
Forgive me, children, if behind
Your joyous greeting memories find
  But the unbidden tear.

But shall I in my grief rebel?
Ah, no, "He doeth all things well,"
  Though sad the heart and sore;
For through the darkness gleams a ray,
My loved one is not far away,
  But nearer than before.

Queen Victoria.

AND can it be! Is Queen Victoria dead?
Has England's lily fallen in her tower?
Earth's grandest crown could but well grace her head,
And widest empire but extend her power.

'Twas by her sterling *worth* our Sovereign made
Her influence felt on every sea and shore,
And now the universal grief displayed
Tells of the loss sustained the wide world o'er.

From first her fair young temples bore their crown,
Its splendor from her peerless virtues rose;
While 'neath the stress and burdens of renown,
Her trust in God sustained her strong repose.

Her sway o'er hearts was mighty, for her soul
Loved to relieve the needy in distress,
And, like her King Divine, she gained control
From seeking other lives to cheer and bless.

And now as pass the splendors of the Queen,
With the last solemn service sung and said,
That which will live in freshness ever green,
Is the undying goodness of our dead.

Nor would we e'en withhold her well-earned rest
From long and arduous work performed so well;
Or hold her longer from that strong, fond breast,
Which at their royal noon beside her fell.

So rest thee, Lady, with thy Lord's "Well done";
Knowing the world will long and gladly own,
That of thy works the noblest was the one
That lifted *duty* 'bove the grandest throne.

Hymns and Sacred Poems.

Hymns.

Sing.

Sing in life's early morning,
  Sing through its live-long day,
Sing when its shades of evening
  Gather around thy way.

Sing when the sun is shining,
  And thy full heart is glad;
Sing when the heavens are frowning,
  Making thy spirit sad.

Sing when thy way is lonely
  And none can hear thy song;
Sing when the great assembly
  God's praises loud prolong.

Sing to the God who gave thee
  Cause, voice and heart to sing,
To Him who is all-worthy
  Thy grateful anthems bring.

Sing of His grace and goodness
  Who gave His life for thee,
In songs of praise and gladness
  To all eternity.

Thanksgiving.

"David made it the chief work to give thanks unto the Lord."

GIVE thanks to God all people of all climes;
Give thanks to Him in all things, at all times;
Give thanks with heart and tongue, in prose and rhyme;
Give thanks in language simple and sublime.

Give thanks in health and sickness, loss and gain;
Give thanks in want and wealth, in ease and pain;
Give thanks when love and friendship cheer and bless;
Give thanks when hatred harms thee none the less.

Give thanks to God for what He is, the One
For ever blessed Father, Spirit, Son:
Give thanks for what He causes thee to know
Of all the good His mercy doth bestow.

Give thanks for what of us He doth require,
And that to do He gives us the desire.
Give thanks for longings that within us rise,
And hope to realize them in the skies.

Give thanks for cloud and sunshine, joy and tears;
Give thanks for glowing hopes and gloomy fears;
Give thanks that what He takes, and what survives,
Weave golden threads of worth into our lives.

Give thanks that what sight faileth to perceive,
Faith to God's loving care, can calmly leave:
And since He cannot but do all things best,
Give thanks for what He does, and trust the rest.

Spirit Divine.

SPIRIT Divine, Thy power display,
And make me know and choose Thy way;
O, let Thy light within me shine,
Making each thought and action Thine.

Spirit of grace, whose breath inspires
In human souls divine desires,
So teach and train my heart to prayer
That I Thy choicest gifts may share.

Spirit of light, illumine me
The treasures of Thy truth to see;
Shed on Thy word Thy radiance bright
That in Thy light I may see light.

Spirit of love, who lov'st to dwell
In those who of the Saviour tell,
Thy tender power to me impart
That I may speak from heart to heart.

Spirit of Christ, my zeal inspire
With Thine own self-consuming fire,
That all my ransomed powers may be
A living sacrifice to Thee.

God's House.

In the house of the Lord is my sweetest delight,
There my grief turns to joy and my darkness to light,
There the Saviour sheds on me the beams of His face
And refreshes my soul with the dews of His grace.

There I meet with companions and friends who are dear,
Yet find in the midst of them Jesus most near;
There my soul in its hunger gets food for the day,
And strength for the trials and toils of the way.

There relax their firm hold on my heart the world's charms,
And its empty ambitions and needless alarms;
There new visions of Jesus so thrill my heart through,
That for His sake I all things could suffer or do.

In the house of the Lord, of all others the best,
Is where sad hearts find comfort and weary ones rest;
There extends faith her vision and hope wings her flight
To the regions of glory and endless delight.

There do prayers blend with praises in unison sweet,
And encompass, like incense, the blest mercy-seat;
There the Saviour comes forth like the high priest of old
From the Holy of Holies with blessings untold.

There our weakness gives place to faith's conquering power,
And pleasures unspeakable fill the fleet hour;
There the soul gets sweet foretastes of infinite love,
That shall ravish forever the ransomed above.

Repentance.

THOUGH Thy children from Thee stray
Into sin's forbidden way,
Yet if they repentant be,
Thou wilt show them leniency.

Though Thy children wayward prove,
And abuse Thy tender love,
Yet if they repentant cry,
Mercy Thou wilt not deny.

Though Thy children from Thee turn,
And Thine anger toward them burn,
Yet if they repentance show,
Thou wilt all Thy wrath forego.

Though Thy children sin again,
Thou Thy wrath wilt not retain,
But if they repentant call
Thou wilt freely pardon all.

Though Thy children pain Thy heart,
And Thy rod hath made them smart,
If repentant they confess,
Thou wilt pardon, heal and bless.

Though Thy children wander far
As the most eccentric star,
Yet repentant seek Thy face,
Thou wilt them with love embrace.

I Know Not—I Know.

I KNOW not what may be my lot,
In dwelling grand, or lowly cot;
But humble though my home may be,
The King of Glory dwells with me:
And wheresoe'er He deigns to dwell
There's naught to fear, for all is well.

I know not what fond friend may go
And leave me, or become my foe;
But having found the Friend I need,
He'll ever be my friend indeed;
For whom He chooseth as a friend
He'll never leave unto the end.

I know not what may be my pain,
My grief or joy, my loss or gain;
But having Him my soul hath claimed,
The Christ of God, I'm not ashamed;
For, with His signet to my claim,
My boast shall only be His Name.

I know not what the way may be,
The time or place He'll come for me;
But little need I fear or care
How life may close, or when or where;
For life and death, with all their powers,
With Him who holdeth them, are ours.

I know not on what blissful shore
May be my dwelling evermore;
What sights may answer life's long dream,
What service sweet or joys supreme;
But if with Him I may abide,
I know I shall be satisfied.

My Saviour.

DEAR Saviour, may I call Thee mine?
My hope, my friend, my guide?
Perish in ruins all that would
With Thee my heart divide.

My Saviour's pardoning voice I'd hear,
His saving power adore,
And have His love and zeal inspire
My own yet more and more.

My Saviour's hallowed cross I'd bear,
Who bore the cross for me,
And who in shameful agony
Expired upon the tree.

My Saviour's lowly mind I'd have,
Ambitious thoughts at rest,
And walking in His heavenly ways
Be with His presence blest.

My Saviour's arm I'd lean upon,
His power alone I'd prove,
And knowing only His sweet will,
I'd prompt to duty more.

My Saviour's gracious words I'd hear,
His wondrous works I'd trace,
Till called to dwell for ever near,
And gaze upon His face.

"My King."

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL'S LAST WORDS.

KING of my heart's affections,
King of my whole estate,
In my most calm reflections,
I call Thee good and great.

Thou art my rightful Ruler,
My wise and worthy King,
With free and full surrender,
To Thee my all I bring.

Reign o'er my thoughts and actions,
My will and ways control,
And quell unholy factions
Rebelling in my soul.

Subdue each false affection,
Ambition and desire;
And e'en though through affliction,
With love my soul inspire;—

Love to my King who loved me
Before His love I knew,
And in His grace and mercy
To Him my being drew.

King of my ransomed powers,
Of body, spirit, soul,
Through all my days and hours,
I crave Thy full control.

Precious Name.

THERE is a name whose matchless spell
Can waken joy and woe dispel,
A name of strangely wondrous worth,
Most precious name of all on earth;
Would'st thou that name's vast value know?
Then with it to thy Father go.

Hast thou a heavy load within
Of unconfessed, unpardoned sin?
Go plead with God that precious name,
Through which thou may'st full pardon claim,
Accepting gratefully the loss
Of sins assumed upon the cross.

Hast thou a need, or sorrow sore,
For which thou wouldst relief implore?
There's One who heeds it from above,
Whose nature and whose name is Love,
Who trod Himself thy weary road
And bore for thee thy heavy load.

Hast thou a longing in thy soul
Which all inferior ones control?
A longing that's too deep and high
For earth's resources to supply?
That longing came from Him who died
To have it more than satisfied.

Childhood Hymns.

Jesus, I Will Seek Thee.

JESUS, I will seek Thee,
Seek Thee while I may,
For Thou callest children
Unto Thee to-day.

CHORUS.

Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Precious Friend Thou art,
For Thou takest children
To Thy loving heart.

Jesus, I will trust Thee,
Trust Thee with my all,
As before Thy foot-stool
Humbly now I fall.

Jesus, I will love Thee,
Love Thee well I may,
For Thou with Thy life-blood
Didst my ransom pay.

Jesus, I will serve Thee,
Serve Thee till I die,
And with joy for ever,
Serve Thee then on high.

Praise the Saviour.

We will praise the blessed Saviour
For His wondrous grace and love,
In descending to redeem us
From His heavenly home above.

Chorus.

Yes, we'll praise the blessed Saviour,
Sweet and loud His praise prolong,
For His wondrous grace and goodness,
In our heart and with our song.

Leaving heaven's joy and glory,
He endured earth's grief and pain,
And gave up His life a ransom
Our redemption to obtain.

We will praise the blessed Saviour
For His love so strong and true,
For He's doing now in glory
All that love and power can do.

He is giving to us freely
Pardon, peace and joy and love,
And preparing for us mansions
In His glorious home above.

Blessed Jesus.

BLESSED "Jesus, meek and mild,"
Listen to a little child;
From Thy heavenly throne above,
Look on me with tender love;
Hear, O hear my humble cry,
Thou who didst for sinners die.

CHORUS.

Blessed Jesus, we are told,
Children came to Thee of old,
And on Thee, as they believed,
They were joyfully received;
Take me, then, I now implore,
Thine to be for evermore.

Blessed "Jesus, meek and mild,"
Save from sin a little child;
Of its fearful sting and stain
Let no lingering trace remain;
Wash it all from me away
In Thy precious blood to-day.

Blessed "Jesus, meek and mild,"
O, receive a little child;
Now to Thee myself I give;
Help me evermore to live,
Not to please myself, but Thee,
And Thine own to ever be.

Sing the Story.

WELL may children sing the story
How the Saviour left his glory.
And in Bethlehem's lowly manger cradle lay;
For they sing that wondrous story
In the land of light and glory,
With angelic hosts adoring Him to-day.

CHORUS.

Oh, we'll sing that wondrous story
When we reach the land of glory,
And with saints and angels praise Him evermore;
Yes, we'll sing that joyful story
In the home of love and glory,
With the Saviour dwelling on that blissful shore.

Well may children sing the story
How the Saviour came from glory,
And for them on Calvary's cross did bleed and die;
For they love to sing that story
In the land of bliss and glory,
With the ransomed ever praising Him on high.

Well may children sing the story
How the Saviour now in glory
Gathers still the children fondly in His arms;
For they sing that sweet, glad story
To their golden harps in glory,
Ever safe from sin and sorrow and alarms.

Christmas Odes.

The Saviour Comes.

ADD to your brilliance all ye stars of night,
Sing as ye fly ye rapturous hosts of light,
The Saviour comes, the Son of God most high,
As man to live, for sinful man to die.

Hail Him, ye tribes and people, bond and free,
Rude and refined, adoring, bend the knee;
Cultured and savage, sovereign and slave,
Worship the Heavenly King, earth-born to save.

Tidings more sweet could angels never sing,
Or from the court of heaven to mortals bring,
Than that God sent His well-beloved Son,
To suffer for the wrongs that man had done.

O tidings blest, well may we bear them on
To every tribe and realm beneath the sun;
Till to all people they have found their way,
And hastened on the world's millennial day.

Christmas.

"GOOD TIDINGS."

WHAT vision bright o'er Judah's plains appears?
What rapturous songs salute the shepherd's ears?
Angels with tidings blest from heaven draw near;
More blest by far than man could hope to hear.

Tidings of grace to those by sin undone,
Freely bestowed through God's incarnate Son;
Mercy and grace unbounded and unbought,
To guilty mortals, undeserved, unsought.

Mercy which sinless angels could not know,
Or which to fallen ones God did not show:
Mercy to bear which demons would have flown,
If to their race such mercy had been shown.

Mercy which must have thrilled the wondering skies,
As it unfolded to angelic eyes,
Filling those beings with such strange delight
As tuned their tongues and winged their earthward flight.

Those tidings heralded by angels there
Have ever since re-echoed everywhere;
That God's own Son had left His throne on high,
Becoming man for sinful man to die.

Those tidings lose not with the lapse of time,
But ever grow more precious and sublime;
And will, till all the saved before Him meet,
And, with exulting, worship at His feet.

Christmas.

O BLEST return of Christmas morn,
When Jesus as a babe was born,
And, laying His own glory by,
Became as man for man to die.

O blessèd dawn of Christmas day,
When Christ in Bethlehem's manger lay,
And gained for infancy love's dower,
And motherhood its place of power.

O precious Gift on Christmas given,
The costliest of earth or heaven;
The gift inspiring man to give
His best of life that man may live.

O Christmas joy, so sweet and pure,
That will for evermore endure;
The joy which man's best nature thrills,
And which his loftiest longings fills.

O Christmas life and truth and way
From darkness to eternal day,
Containing all the best that man
Has ever longed to find, or can.

O Christmas tidings, ever sweet,
Which angels bore with pinions fleet;
On weary foot, or tireless wing,
"Good tidings of great joy" we'd bring.

Love's Gift Day.

ANOTHER Christmas comes in robes of snow,
Though warm within as where the palm trees grow;
It comes with gen'rous heart and open hand,
To scatter gladness over all the land.

But what gives Christmas Day its joy most sweet
Is having those we love around us meet,
Feeling Love's tropic air about us blow,
Though even all without be wrapped in snow.

Within all joys are common to each heart,
Nor can one's little world revolve apart;
Age e'en forgets the past, youth what may be,
As from their own self-centres all are free.

The Christmas gifts, more precious than they seem,
That form the very life of childhood's theme
From morning's dawn to its last waking hour,
Are made thus dear by Love's enriching power;

For though they may be very little things,
Yet if the Love-bird only in them sings,
The simple card, or book, or trifling toy,
May bring to many a heart a world of joy.

Then speed, ye carriers swift, o'er sea and land,
And scatter wide your gifts on ev'ry hand;
For, howsoever poor, if but love-born,
They're kin to Heav'n's rich Gift of Christmas morn.

Sacred Poems.

Easter Morn.

At early dawn, beside the empty tomb,
Angels once spake the women's tears away;
Again beside earth's grave of wintry gloom,
Life from the dead is heralded to-day.

The leafy woods, the green and velvet sod,
The beauteous bud, sweet promise of the flower,
Proclaim to all the ever-living God,
And His unfailing, life-renewing power.

The wakened world of insect life around,
The ringing notes that fill the morning air,
Prophetic messages of sight and sound,
The resurrection of the dead declare.

But if such soulless things can tell the story
Of life's release from death's imperial sway,
How much more strongly does His growing glory,
Whose risen power fills all the world to-day.

Hymns of the Ages.

ON RETURNING A FRIEND'S COPY.

FRIEND, may I dare?
The "Hymns" I've read with slow and sifting care,
And else to utter half my beating joy,
And in this simple lay my heartfelt thanks to pay,
I have not where.

"Hymns o' the ages,"
How shall I fitly breathe my grateful praises
For those most rich expressions of the soul,
Which, like celestial streams, whose crystal water gleams,
Flow down thy pages;

Slaking the thirst,
Not like the gushing streams, whose torrents burst
Wild from the beetling crag, splendid with storms,
But like the quiet rills pure from their native hills,
Where they were nursed.

O, how they glow
Down through the spirit's vale so soft and low,
Thoughts from rare souls that have breathed purest air;
Down through the spirit's glade, down through its darkest shade,
Glad'ning they flow.

Yes, I may dare;
Thanks for the sacred "Hymns," touchingly rare;
But sweetest Faber so speaks to the soul,
That it can but reply, scarce knowing how or why,
O to be there.

There with the best,
Angels and holy men, Faber 'mong the rest,
Mourning no longer "Distractions in Prayer";
But with the ransomed throng swelling the blissful song,
Home with the blest.

"My Beloved."

Cant. v. 8-10, 16, etc.

EAGER, and blind, the world would know
What charms in our "Beloved" we find;
What beauties in His features glow,
What matchless grace of form or mind;
What music in His voice we hear,
That He than others is more dear.

We've seen the landscapes bloom afresh,
Leaping from death's relaxing hand;
We've seen them clad in varied dress,
From vernal bud to wintry band;

The fields bedecked with flow'rets bright,
The meadows clothed in living green,
The stars dance through the azure night,
The moon float through the lifts of sheen;

The morning scatter pearls of light,
And tinge with gold the eastern sky;
The heavens entrance the raptured sight,
And earth charm the admiring eye;—

But not the fairest flowers that grow,
  Nor charms of earth, or sea, or sky,
Nor ev'ning tints, nor morning's glow,
  With "Sharon's lovely rose" can vie.

The bow may span the clouded arch,
  Pencilled with bright and beauteous hues;
The sun through fields of ether march,
  Sparkle earth's myriad diamond dews.

These may inspire the raptured ken,
  These may arouse the soul in part,
But O for burning words to pen
  His beauties, who has thrilled the heart.

Nature's are tame, including though
  All charms to ear, touch, taste, and eye,
To "My Belovèd," "whom to know
  Is life," love, bliss, that never die.

The flowers we've nourished bloom and fade,
  And friends we've loved with ashes blend;
Fadeless "the lily of the glade,"
  Deathless our ever-living "Friend."

Ye mountains stoop, nor stay His speed
  Who cometh leaping o'er your height
Swifter than wingèd bird, or steed,
  Or viewless air, or arrowy light.

His breath the hoary fields of snow
  Dissolves to myriad, murmuring rills;
His steps, like dancing sunbeams glow,
  As "He comes skipping o'er the hills."

"MY BELOVED."

The fairest blossom has some speck,
  Nor faultless leaf on faultless trees;
The sun itself reveals a fleck,
  And shadows flit o'er sunniest seas;
But "white and ruddy" spotlessly,
  And "altogether lovely" He.

The starry worlds that gleaming press,
  And round their dazzling centres run,
Are but the outer, meaner dress
  Of Him whose glance lights up the sun.

He speaks, and night's fair myriads dance,
  While beauty trails the glittering sky;
Lightnings are shadows of His glance,
  And suns the curtains of His eye.

The sweetest strains the ear can greet
  Are like hoarse waves upon the shore,
Compared with Him whose "lips most sweet"
  Wake the soul's music evermore.

Content.

God's child should always be content,
With Love's eye ever o'er him bent,
And swift, strong ones with constant care
To guide and guard him everywhere.

Content to toil when health is given,
And such seems the good will of heaven;
For nothing satisfies the heart
Like having in God's work a part.

Content, when worn and weak, to rest,
If heavenly wisdom deem that best;
For rest, as well as work, may fill
The largest measure of God's will.

Or, e'en should sickness lay him low,
He may with grateful gladness know,
That often service the most grand
Is rendered by the weakest hand.

Or, even if to *suffer* be
The best for him that Love can see,
'Tis sweet to yield to God's wise will,
And in His crucible be still;

Content to know that fires test
And fine as well the ore that's best,
That it may purer, brighter glow,
And thus the Finer's image show.

Or, e'en should Death himself draw near
And bid him hence, he need not fear;
For He who died and rose to save,
Vanquished for him death and the grave.

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A Hundredfold.

Matt. xix. 27-29.

WHO ever did the gracious Master serve
And not receive more than he could deserve?
Who ever for Him suffered loss or pain,
And not receive more precious joy and gain?

Who ever went, as faithful Abram did,
The lonely, untried way that he was bid,
And not have God to be his constant guide,
To shield in danger and in want provide?

Who ever undertook hard things to do
At his command and not be aided through?
Who ever trusted in His promised power,
And have it fail him in the trying hour?

Who ever willingly surrendered all
His cherished wishes at the Master's call,
And not in this world have "a hundredfold,"
And earnest of eternal good untold?

Who ever put the blessèd Master's name
Above his own, or any earthly claim,
And not have life grow brighter with each sun,
And heaven to be indeed on earth begun?

Mount of Transfiguration.

BEFORE the Mount demons of darkness reign,
  Exulting in their brief, destructive hour;
Loving and loved ones writhe in grief and pain,
  Helpless alike against their torturing power.

Upon the Mount far other scenes befall—
  The lowly Friend of men outshines the sun;
Hades and Death have yielded to His call,
  And God from heaven has owned Him as His Son.

O Mount sublime, aglow with radiance rare,
Glimpse of the land where all is bright and fair;
Where Jesus is the cloudless sun and soul,
And reigns with love's unlimited control.

Here His essential Godhead shines revealed,
So long by fleshly veil from sense concealed;
Here He fulfills His blessed promise spoken,
And of His coming kingdom gives the token.

Here Moses from his grave on Nebo stands,
Pledge of the dead arising in all lands;
That when Christ comes in glory from the skies,
Those who have slept in Him shall wake and rise.

Elijah, too, who without dying rose,
Eluding all the fearful hate of foes,
Appears in glory with the Lord, to show
That when He comes His people thus shall go.

O portent grand of that momentous day,
For which God's saints with longing wait and pray;
O fore-flash blest, thou bright prophetic gleam,
The King shall yet fulfil that glorious dream.

Clouds Without Water.

Jude 12.

After the prayerless, praiseless funeral of a noted infidel.

LONG my soul was worn and weary,
For the world was dry and dreary,
When a bright cloud rose to cheer me
On my sky.
And I said, "There will be rain
That will give me joy again
By and by."

But the cloud, it only brightened,
And my heart grew faint and frightened,
As its fear and sorrow heightened
Into pain.
Then the cloud of glory perished,
With the hopes my heart had cherished,
Without rain.

Oh! how waste the world and dry,
With its brazen, burning sky:
Oh! that life would hurry by
To its close.
For I'd been so fondly proud
Of that bright and beauteous cloud
That arose.

Wandering Stars.

Jude 13.

LONG my soul in gloom was bound,
And by darkness hemmed around,
Till a radiant star I found
Beaming nigh.
Then I said, "I will have light
From this star so clear and bright
Till I die.

"It will guide me all the way,
With its glowing, gladdening ray,
To the land of love-lit day,
Safe and right."
But the star of wondrous light
Quickly wandered out of sight,
Leaving night.

Sadly then I looked around,
Love and hope beneath the ground,
Trembling at the faintest sound
In dismay.
"Is there no unfailing ray
That will guide me on my way
Into day?"

Then I heard a heavenly voice,
And it made my heart rejoice,
Saying, "I am God's own choice
Cloud with rain;
Star that will its brightness shed
On thy path and on thy head
And remain."

I Would Not Live Alway.

"I WOULD not live alway,"—so lonely 'twould be
The friends we have cherished no longer to see;
The loved and the trusted for virtue and truth,
Having all passed away like the dreams of our youth.

"I would not live alway" in battlings with sin,
Assailants without, and worse, traitors within;
In conflicts defeated and purposes foiled,
And noblest of efforts defeated or spoiled.

"I would not live alway" where toiling and tears,
Like storms on the sea, vex the vanishing years;
Where sickness and sorrow and death and the grave
Are linked with the best that the world ever gave.

"I would not live alway," when loved ones at rest
Are waiting to welcome me home to the blest,
And Jesus, more lovely than any beside,
Is longing to have me sit down at His side.

"I would not live alway" detained from the goal
That long has incited the hope of my soul;
Where service, more restful than any repose,
Shall sweeten the ages that never will close.

The Eternal Spirit.

O JESUS CHRIST, who by the Spirit came
For sinful man to bear the cross of shame,
By Him give me such longing for the lost
That saving them were joy at any cost.

O Jesus, who wast with the Spirit filled,
And so didst ever what thy Father willed;
So fill me with His sanctifying power
That pleasing Thee may be my joy each hour.

O Jesus, Thou who wast the living Word,
And yet Thy Father ever gladly heard,
By Thine own Spirit make me love that truth
Which Thou didst love with ardor from Thy youth.

O Jesus, Thou whose life wast one of prayer,
Me by Thy Spirit teach that life to share,
So that with Thee I'd gladly spend the night
In supplicating prayer for needed might.

O Jesus, who didst give to men grown cold
Thy Holy Spirit, making cowards bold,
And hearts for Thee, else self-concerned as ours,
Impart to me His all-transforming powers.

O Jesus, who e'en now 'midst distant tribes
Art quick'ning by Thy Spirit dormant lives,
By His warm breath do Thou my soul inspire,
Making it glow with Love's unfailing fire.

O Jesus, who didst to Thy followers say,
"Receive the Holy Ghost" this very day,
Help me, like them, in Thee to so believe
That I may now that glorious gift receive.

Peaceful Amid Alarms.

I HEAR the clash of conflict
'Twixt forces heaven had wed
For one another's welfare,
As hands and feet and head;

I hear them hurl defiance,
Like giants in their wrath;
Turning to desolation
The treasures in their path.

I hear sad sounds upsurging,
Through grinding greed for gold,
Of want, despair and madness,
And miseries untold.

I hear the cry of famine,
Of fire and plague and flood,
And the loud noise of battle,
"With garments rolled in blood."

I see the stormy ocean,
With wild and 'wildering roar,
Flinging floating palaces
In wreckage on the shore.

I hear the raging tempests,
With thunder's awful crash,
And see great cities blazing
Beneath the lightning's flash.

I hear the rumbling earthquakes
That shake the solid ground,
And whirlwinds and tornadoes
On sea and land around.

PEACEFUL AMID ALARMS.

I see vast armies gathering
  For God's great battle day,
When even isles and mountains
  Shall trembling flee away.

I see bewildered statesmen
  And rulers troubled look,
On reading the dread threatenings
  In God's unerring book.

I see the great and mighty
  In shuddering terror fall,
And vainly for a shelter
  On rocks and mountains call.

I wait the shock of nature,
  Its awful, certain doom,
When all its vaunted glory
  Is quenched in rayless gloom.

I wait, nor dread the ruin
  That threatens land and sea;
For safe my ship is anchored
  Within its quiet lee.

And thus I rest as calmly,
  Amid the world's alarms,
As infant among dangers
  Within its mother's arms.

For in my quiet cabin
  Another sits with me,
Whose word once stilled the raging
  Of Galilee's wild sea.

Seventieth Anniversary of First Baptist Church, Brantford, Ont.

THE Lord once clothed the Word with human form
That it might come to men alive and warm;
And then the Church became its living dress,
That it might reach mankind to help and bless.

And so this church, with love and courage bold,
Has held and heralded the truth as told;
While Heaven has owned the message, giving rest
To many a weary soul with sin oppressed.

How often here has gladness filled the place,
As hearts have yielded to redeeming grace,
And joined the ever-multiplying band
Of travellers journeying to Immanuel's land.

Here manhood's strength has gained its god-like power
For duties, trials, and temptation's hour;
And here have tried ones learned in God's wise will
How safe and sweet to "suffer and be still."

Here, too, have children learned the joyous song,
Which in the land of love they'll still prolong;
A song too sweet for highest angel's voice,
But in whose rapturous strains all will rejoice.

Here, too, the aged have new life begun,
Which knows no darkening with the setting sun;
That feels no sorrow when earth's joys are o'er,
Nor dreads to near the undiscovered shore.

ANNIVERSARY OF FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

And so this hallowed place to-night seems filled
With memories sweetly sad of voices stilled,
While shadowy forms and faces once so dear
Through fancy's vision seem to mingle here.

And well they may, for here through their best years
Their prayers and praises rose, and fell their tears,
While sturdier grew their faith, their hearts more
brave,
As truth they sought to spread and souls to save.

The names of some one scarce can read for tears,
As we recall their conflict long with fears;
Yet, with such lives, their names can never die,
But will adorn the honor roll on high.

Some seem too sweetly sacred to be named,
Like one of old, as Christ's belovèd, famed;
Whose strong devotion and whose service grand
Graved high their names eternally to stand.

Some may have blundered in their work and fight,
And seemed to aid the wrong more than the right;
But well we know the Lord their meaning took,
And wrote their names with love in His fair book.

And now, as with a backward, lingering glance,
We turn toward the future, to advance,
Faith gathers courage for the trials new,
From all the grace and goodness we review.

For well we know that fruits from labor here,
Through coming years will ripen far and near;
While by and by such work rewards will bring,
Of heavenly service for the heavenly King.

The Gracious Guest; or, Jesus in the Home

How highly honored and how richly blest
Must be that home where Jesus is a Guest;
How little need it covet aught beside
If He but deign within it to abide.

How blest the day in Mamre's favored tent
When heaven's messengers to it were sent;
Grand hopes were Abram's ere those guests depart
And strange delight filled Sarah's bounding heart.

But sweeter rapture Nazareth's home did thrill,
And deeper joy did Mary's bosom fill,
When He, whom heaven adored as Son and Guest,
Made that glad home of all on earth most blest.

Sad was the home of Jairus, where was laid
The marble form of that young, beauteous maid,
Till Jesus came, and saying, "Maid arise!"
Gave joy for tears to gladly wondering eyes.

In Cana's home, when failed the needed wine,
"The conscious water owned" His power divine;
And gladness grew to wonder when 'twas learned
That Jesus water into wine had turned.

Once at the house of Zaccheus, on the road
Through Jericho, Jesus awhile abode;
And lo, henceforth that home of grinding greed
Noted became for kind and generous deed.

THE GRACIOUS GUEST.

A wondrous joy pervaded Bethany's home,
Whenever its most welcome Guest would come:
But O, what sorrow gathered day by day,
When He, the most desired, remained away.

"Hadst Thou been here," the sobbing sisters cried,
"Your friend, our brother Lazarus, had not died;"
When, lo, the sympathizing "Jesus wept,"
And cried, "Come forth!" and he came forth that slept.

Thus homes of grief with gladness Jesus filled;
In homes of hatred He His love distilled;
In homes of guilt He full forgiveness gave,
And only, ever came to bless and save.

To lighten toil He came and lessen care,
Breathing His gracious spirit everywhere,
Making each heart more generous and kind,
Stirring to nobler aims each sordid mind.

Nor from the homes that want Him will He stay,
Whatever sins or sickness bar His way;
He comes to minister, to help, relieve,
Glad only if the needy will receive.

Weary, He asks for shelter and for rest,
But gives to those He asks from far the best.
Hungry, He asks a crust, then He provides,
And with the givers a rich feast divides.

He asks a cup of water for His thirst,
Then gives a "well of living water" first;
O Jesus, come, and be our constant Guest,
And home with Thee will be supremely blest.

Proem to "Converse With the King."

HERE wreathed are flowerets bright with Orient dyes
And blended hues from radiant eastern skies,
And gathered fruits most luscious, grown in climes
Forever hallowed by the rapturous chimes
Of heavenly music and inspirèd bard,
And perfumes sweet from fields of myrrh and nard.

Here food prepared is found, and waters cold
From springs that rise in snowy mountains old;
And here are rubies rich and gold most fine,
And jewels rare from ancient stream and mine;
Here gathered treasures lie from many a land
And distant age, "sought out" and brought to hand;

Here God reveals to man His glorious face,
Dispensing through His Son rich stores of grace;
Here comfort, peace and joy and strength are found;
Here counsels wise and promises abound,—
And, best of all, to him who but receives,
All things are his if only he believes.